

SELBY ABBEY RUINED

Fire Irreparably Damages
Old English Structure.

MUCH CANNOT BE REPLACED

Was Founded in 1069 by William the
Conqueror and Has Been Added To
by Many of England's Kings.
The \$250,000 Secured Will by No
Means Repair the Building.

London, Oct. 27.—While there is little doubt that Selby Abbey, which was completely gutted by fire the other day, will be restored in course of time, it is acknowledged that much of the damage done is irreparable. The \$250,000, or more, which will be needed to reconstruct the fabric of this little more than the charred skeleton walls now remain standing, cannot replace its historic treasures and ancient architecture. New masonry can never inspire the same enthusiasm as the hoary, weather-worn stones. No such ecclesiastical calamity has occurred in the British Isles since the great fire which devastated the Minster of York three-quarters of a century ago.

Architectural Specimen.

Selby Abbey was one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in the kingdom. It was founded in 1069 by William the Conqueror, and his queen visited Selby the year following, with the intention of arranging the endowments, and here, tradition affirms, their youngest son, afterward Henry I. of England, was born.

Various successive kings added great privileges to the abbey, and adorned it with splendid buildings, until it became one of the most famous ecclesiastical foundations of the North. Its great cruciform church was built by Hugh, sheriff of Yorkshire, in the twelfth century. It continued to flourish in prosperity until Henry VIII. fell out with the Pope, and started in to plunder and suppress Roman Catholic institutions.

No Fire Protection.

One result of the fire is likely to be the adoption of appliances for coping with outbreaks of fire in England's famous historic churches, which are situated at some distance from the stations of modern fire brigades. When it was discovered that the abbey was burning, telegraphic requests for assistance were sent to Leeds and York, the nearest large towns, and while the flames raged unchecked many of the pious-minded among the spectators united in prayer for the speedy arrival of the fire engines. Despite that the destruction was well completed before they were able to reach the scene. Wherefore the ecclesiastical authorities have decided that it would be well to supplement their trust in Providence by material safeguards.

"BELLE OF MAYFAIR" SPILLED.

Bessie Clayton Drops from Bell on
Heads of Musicians.

An additional turn on the programme, and which might have been of serious consequences to the performer thereof, caused considerable amusement both on the stage and in the auditorium of the New National Theater on election night.

A huge bell, used in the first act of "The Belle of Mayfair," was suspended from the flies by a strong rope. Fastened to the top of the bell and hanging down in the form of the chaper was a young girl, on which little Miss Bessie Clayton was expected to entertain the audience.

As the bell swung over the heads of the musicians the rope gave way, spilling the young actress into the orchestra. For a time it seemed as if she was seriously hurt, but she bravely clambered over the footlights and finished her number. She was applauded for her pluck, and Miss Clayton announced a few remarks, assuring the audience that she was not hurt.

Senator Elkins' Secretary Dead.

Frederick L. Davidson died Tuesday evening at Davis Memorial Hospital, Elkins, W. Va. On September 23 an operation was performed on Mr. Davidson for appendicitis, and his condition was serious for a time, but he appeared to be improving during the past two or three weeks until a few days since, when complications set in, which caused his death. Mr. Davidson was private secretary to Senator Stephen B. Elkins, of West Virginia, and also secretary to the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee. He was a young man held in high esteem by a great number of friends, both in this city and elsewhere, and was particularly esteemed by both Senator and Mrs. Elkins. He was graduated in law from George Washington University in the class of 1903. The remains were forwarded on Wednesday afternoon to Elkins, town, N. J., which is the family home, and the funeral will take place there this afternoon or Friday morning.

Frantz Officially Exonerated.

The following announcement was made at the White House yesterday: "Special Agent Ronstrom, of the Department of Justice, and Chief Clerk Conser, of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, who were appointed a special committee to investigate the charges made against Gov. Frantz, of Oklahoma, have reported to the President, completely exonerating the governor, and their report has been approved by the President."

Archdeaconry Close Fall Session.

The Archdeaconry of Washington closed its regular fall session last night, with a meeting at St. Mark's Church, Third and A streets southeast. Addresses were delivered by Rev. G. C. Bratenhall, of Alabama; Rev. Dr. McKim, of Epiphany; and the Rev. W. C. Shears. A celebration of the holy communion was held at 11 a. m., and a business meeting at 2 p. m. Luncheon was served.

Carroll Council Meets.

The Carroll Council held its regular meeting last night in the Knights of Columbus Temple, Sixth and E streets northwest. An interesting social programme followed the business meeting, during which prizes were awarded to three of the members. At its next meeting this month the council will confer the first degree on several candidates, who have asked admission.

Separate School for Him.

The Japanese officer caught sketching Manila fortifications may discover there is a separate school for just that kind of unlearned Oriental.

GENIUS AND ITS SONS.

Men sometimes pay the penalty of being the sons of genius. Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the lights of the Supreme Bench, and Julian Hawthorne, are of this class.

Justice Holmes was lunching at the New Willard the other day when some old Western friends bore down upon him. One irrepressible member of the party, being introduced, started in upon a literary tirade with "Elsie Vedder" as the theme. "It like that book of yours," she declared, "I thought I disapproved of a number of Elsie's characteristics. How did you ever come to conceive of—"

Justice Holmes did not wait for the conclusion of the question, but escaped into the palm room, where he confided to a friend that Washington was full of women who connected him with his father's era, and he spoke rather pensively of not looking quite the age to have written his father's books.

In the same line Mr. Julian Hawthorne met a woman of the official set who upset his accustomed gravity by accrediting to him several of the elder Hawthorne's publications. She burst into the following exclamation: "Oh, I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Hawthorne. Your name is a household word in my family. I don't know how I should ever have brought up my children without your 'Wonder Book' and 'The Tanglewood Tales,' and I do think your 'Grandfather's Chair' is the very best history to put in the hands of—"

At this point Mr. Hawthorne attempted a disclaimer, but the grandiloquent speaker waved her hand and admonished: "Now, you mustn't be modest, Mr. Hawthorne; a writer as you are has no business to hide his light under a bushel."

CONDOLENCE IS EXTENDED.

Bureau of American Republics Pay

Honor to Dead Diplomats.

At a meeting of the Bureau of American Republics, held at the State Department yesterday afternoon, resolutions were ordered, on motion of Secretary of State Root, of condolence on the deaths of Ministers Munoz, of Guatemala, and Bolet-Peraza, of Venezuela, and of sympathy with Ambassador Cassius, of Mexico, whose health is so poor that it will prevent his return to his post in this city. S. Bolet-Peraza, formerly Minister of Venezuela to the United States, was one of the founders of the bureau.

The annual report of the director of the bureau, Mr. Fox, was submitted and referred for consideration to the executive committee. It contains recommendations for carrying into effect the plans made at the recent Pan-American conference at Rio de Janeiro for the erection of a building in this city to accommodate the bureau.

UNIVERSITY GETS MORE AID.

Rockefeller Gives \$200,000 to Chicago, Making \$2,000,000 This Year.

Chicago, Nov. 7.—Money again is pouring into the coffers of the University of Chicago. Gifts aggregating \$1,223,695 have been received since September 1, according to the quarterly report of acting President Judson, made public yesterday. Most of the sum is credited to donors whose gifts have been announced previously, but recent presents to the University amount to \$84,819.

Hotel Men Organize.

The Washington Hotel Men's Association met at the Shoreham last night, and completed organization by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws. John T. Devine presided, and T. A. McKee acted as secretary. Sixteen of the local hotels were represented. A telegram was received from Chicago, where the National Hotel Association is in session, saying that no place for the meeting next year had been determined upon.

Law Class Elects Officers.

The junior class of the Washington College of Law held its annual class organization last night at the rooms of the college, 1327 New York avenue, northwest. The officers elected were: President, Miss A. M. Anderson; vice president, Miss Anna Draper; secretary, W. Travers; treasurer, Roy Hill, and speaker for the 1907 banquet, Miss Grace B. Hayes.

Native Philippine Official Here.

Senor Benito Legarde, a native member of the Philippine commission, is in the city, and yesterday paid his respects to the President and to Secretary Taft. He is away from Manila on a long leave of absence, due to sickness. He will leave here to-morrow or next day for San Francisco, sailing for Manila about November 20.

Funeral of John H. Kimball.

The interment of John H. Kimball, who died Monday, took place in Rock Creek cemetery yesterday afternoon. The pallbearers were E. B. Kimball, Edward Kimball, S. T. Miller, and H. M. Kutchn, all relatives of the deceased.

FROM WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

The thoughtfulness and consequent cruelty of grown sons and daughters toward the parents, who have every right to expect consideration, are appalling. The fact has always been apparent, but it came with renewed force after a little conversation I held with an aged woman on the platform of a railroad station last week. She was a friendly little soul in rusty black, who was carrying a large armful of geraniums in flower—carrying them with the tender care of the real flower lover.

We were alone on the platform for nearly half an hour, and that accounted for the little confidences and questions I asked to help them along. She began by talking of the weather, then of the news of the day, with particular reference to the accidents in autos and trolleys. She confessed to a fear of both, and told me how she found the country when she came here from Germany thirty-five years ago. She has a husband who has been an invalid for sixteen years, and five children, for whom she toiled early and late. She has been twice widowed and has at home only one, who has poor health and a good part of the time is bedridden.

She is too old to work, but I presume she has to do it to keep an existence for herself and husband. The son helps when he can, but typhoid fever and attacks of malaria add nothing to his earning power, and he has to be cared for as a professional cook, and divides that sum with her parents. The selfishness is in the other three, who are married, and who offer slight excuses to shirk their duty to their parents.

It is no real excuse, of course, for one or two of them a week from each of them would be a grateful addition to the family income, and they ought to be able to equal the donation of the unmarried sister. From a dollar a week, yet they are offering paltry excuses while a sick father and a toll-worthy mother are in need. Since neither affection nor pride will keep them to their duty, there is no hope for the old couple.

How can sons and daughters forget the obligation laid upon them in the years of their helpless childhood? Babies are more than aged persons, and quite as expensive to support. In so-called heathen countries age brings reverence and the best of care, while in civilized America the law has sometimes taken a hand in the coercion of unfilial offspring, and cases of neglect are more common than cases of care. We want life to be soft and smooth—a selfish desire, that—so we are glad to lay away the old people after they become burdens.

I cry shame upon such sentiments. We have grown up under obligations which we should be eager to discharge. Granted that old persons are difficult, what of it? Young ones are that, too, yet we never think of rebelling against them. We strive to please difficult friends, why not parents of the same disposition? Simply because we are extremely selfish, my friends, nothing less.

BETTY BRADEN.

UP-TO-DATE FASHIONS.



THE CHARM OF FRILLS.

There are so many occasions that the separate blouse fills to perfection that one can hardly have too many of those effective little pieces in the wardrobe. With the continued liking for the coat and skirt suit, the logical concomitant is a sort of blouse or harmonizing or contrasting color, and preferably of material as soft and sheer as the purse will allow. Velvet and velveteen costumes are among the more favored of the season's modes, and with either of these there is permissible a range of color and material that few other fabrics admit. Worn with a chiffon velvet of fast dye black, the charming little blouse of the illustration shows a sedo silk in a faint saffron shade of yellow, on which a white silk braid and white crocheted buttons make for a pleasing contrast. The neck is finished in the fashionable guipure style, a sheer tulle being shirred to form both collar and guipure. The waist is attached in simple style, a draped plastron between the surprise folds offering a novel idea. The sleeves are fashioned in a double puff, with fascinating rills separating each, and the shoulder line is effectively managed with a founce effect that falls softly over the puffs.

AT THEATERS NEXT WEEK.

Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe and their company of seventy-five actors, fifty supernumeraries, a working staff of twenty-four, and a special orchestra of twelve will arrive in Washington Monday morning to begin an engagement at the Belasco Theater Monday night. During the engagement the two artists will present three plays recently produced in Philadelphia. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights and at the Saturday matinee the bill will be "Jeanne d'Arc," written for Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe by Percy Mackaye.

Special music for the play has been composed by F. R. Converse, professor of music at Harvard. Miss Marlowe is cast for the role of Jeanne d'Arc, while Mr. Sothern will be seen as Jean, Duke d'Alencon, the cousin of King Charles VII. On Thursday night Mr. Sothern will appear as Helms as Hermann Sudermann, and Miss Marlowe as Kautendeln in Hauptmann's beautiful fairy tale, "The Sunken Bell." Like Stephen Phillips' plays and those of Browning, Charles Henry Meltzer's version of "The Sunken Bell" has been read publicly in halls, in clubs, and in churches both East and West. On Friday and Saturday nights "John the Baptist" will be presented. The play is by the great German author, Hermann Sudermann, and was produced in Berlin nine years ago at the express order of the German Emperor, who set aside the verdict of the German censor who tried to suppress it. The play was received with much attention in Philadelphia, a number of ministers being present at the opening performance, and afterward writing letters of appreciation to Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe. The curtain will rise at 8 o'clock promptly on all the Sothern-Marlowe performances, and no one will be seated after the rise of the curtain. As the Sothern-Marlowe organization will be seen in Baltimore, arrangements have been made to run excursions from Baltimore to Washington during the engagement.

A very welcome event of the season will be the appearance of Miss Ethel Barrymore at the National Theater on Monday, when Charles Frohman will present her in J. M. Barrie's three-act comedy, "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," in which she appeared for several months last season at the Criterion Theater in New York. The story of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" dwells chiefly upon a mother's love for her children, but in the course of the play there is not a little of Barrie's satire upon the up-to-date style of stage production. The equipment of the company is notably strong, and includes Bruce McKee, again Miss Barrymore's leading man; John Barrymore, brother of the star; Beatrice Agnew, Davenport Seymour, Mary Nash, Lillian Reed, Florence Busby, and Thomas Kelly. There will be Saturday matinee only during Miss Barrymore's engagement.

At the Columbia Theater next week a play new to this city, the farce "Mr. Hopkinson," will be given its first performance. Very favorable reports regarding the merits of the piece come from other cities. Its managers do not hesitate to declare it the best farce that England has ever sent to America, and to carry out this claim a run of over 200 nights at Wyndham's Theater, London, and a season of greater length in New York, are pointed to as evidences of its worth. "Mr. Hopkinson" was written by R. C. Carton, that clever Englishman who gave us "Lord and Lady Algy," "Liberty Hall," and other successes.

Much of the popularity that has come to the piece is no doubt due to Dallas Welby, the little English comedian who plays the title part. The rest of the original company seen during the run of the piece in New York will also come to Washington.

Mrs. Langtry will be supported by her own English company at the next week. During her limited engagement in polite vaudeville, it is whispered, she receives the unprecedented salary of \$250 weekly. If this is correct, the management of Chase's will have little chance of making a profit during her presentation other than the satisfaction of giving the public the theater the greatest current attraction at regular prices. Mrs. Langtry will be seen in a one-act drama of South African life, by Graham Hill, entitled "Between the Nightfall and Light." Her support includes Arthur Holmes-Gore and Herbert Carter, well-known London actors. Other leading features will be the Ussens, from Dusseldorf, in their perch-balance presentation; Brown, Harris, and Brown, in "Just to Laugh—That's All," Elizabeth M. Murray, the gifted conversationalist; Mary Duport, and company, in the racing farce, "Left at the Post," and Les Durand trio of Italian character vocalists.

"My Tomboy Girl," described as "a musical comedy drama spectacle," by Charles E. Blaney, with that popular comedienne, Miss Lottie Williams, in the leading role, will be presented at the Academy next week. The leading part, the public is assured, is a "naturalistic combination of thrilling dramatic action, sparkling wit and sweet and entrancing melodies," blended so naturally and with so much realism that the feeling of sympathy and enjoyment of delight is aroused to a high degree. There are four acts, and the number ten. A score of original musical features, choruses, and solos, have been composed and arranged expressly for the play.

Many people who are familiar with the writings of Mary J. Holmes do not know that she is still alive and writing for publication, though her work recently has been mostly on the short story order. Mrs. Holmes' most popular book, "Lena Rivers," has recently been dramatized, and it is said to be as interesting a play as it is a book. Messrs. Burt and Nicolai are responsible for the production and have given "Lena Rivers" fine scenic equipment. Miss Bessie Langtry, said to be the youngest actress on the American stage playing emotional leads, is in the title role. The Washington engagement will be for one week at the Majestic, beginning with the matinee next Monday.

The "Royal Besses o' th' Barn" Band

was warmly commended for its playing at its New York debut at the Hippodrome. The New York papers especially dwelt on the novel and singularly pleasing effects produced. The band is composed exclusively of working artisans employed in the cotton mills and bleacheries of Lancashire, England. It travels under the auspices of J. Henry Fies, director of the Crystal Palace annual national bands festival, himself a musician decorated by King Edward and President Loubet of France. It is on its way to Australia and New Zealand, where it is to play under government contract for a \$125,000 retainer.

The patrons of the Lyceum appear

never to tire of burlesque, judging from the steady succession of bills with this as the leading feature presented by the management. "The Brigadiers" is the title of the troupe of burlesquers that will appear next week. It is said to be one of the best in the burlesque field. There will be the usual olio, in addition.

Enchere at the Saengerbund.

The Ladies' Club, of the Washington Saengerbund, gave a euchre party at the club house last night. There were thirty valuable prizes, and the affair proved a great success.

Funeral of R. C. King.

Funeral services over the remains of Richard C. King will be held yesterday afternoon at Oak Hill Chapel, Oak Hill Cemetery, where interment was made. Mr. King died Monday at the Georgetown University Hospital, after a lingering illness. He is survived by a wife, Mrs. Ida L. King, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albertus King, of 3017 M street northwest.

IN WASHINGTON.

The widows of army and navy officers undergo greater agitation of mind over White House invitations than any other class of women in Washington.

There is printed every year a so-called Blue Book—a sort of Who's Who in the Army and Navy—in which the names and addresses of officers' widows are published. This volume makes its appearance at the beginning of the official season, and is a source of never-ending worry to the compiling clerks of the Adjutant General's office.

The widows are assured invitations to the Army and Navy reception, a function second only in brilliancy to the Diplomatic levee. Some of them believe, however, that they are entitled to further consideration and, provided they leave cards at the White House, they are a trifle miffed if the season goes by without bringing them invitations to one of Mrs. Roosevelt's unofficial teas or musicales.

In their eyes, husbands who have sacrificed their lives in their country's behalf, should shed a brighter social lustre than the untested zeal of living officers in either branch of the service.

A walk or drive through the grounds immediately south of the White House at this season of the year is as promising in future improvements as it is immediately pleasant.

To those who regard the ellipse as a sort of pedestrian track for summer exercising, the granite walk, in process of construction, suggests great possibilities in the way of preserving white shoes and dress skirts immaculate. The walk is laid beneath the row of splendid trees that encircle the ellipse, and it will be, eventually, a popular promenade upon occasions of open air concerts, drills, and ball games.

The dredging process down by the Speedway is also rich in promise of a not far distant extension of this delightful water-drive. Work is going steadily forward and the road beyond the old boathouse, that stands as a reproach upon its eminence—stretches westward with great promise of beauty.

On the opposite side of the basin, near the Alexandria bridge, the nurseries are in flourishing condition and the young willows weep in rows and phalanxes. Close to the water, where the bank is raised in a symmetrical border mound, the grass is as green as in June. When it is possible to reach this side of the basin without touching the traffic road, which is a thoroughfare for heavy teaming and dust, the new drive will be one of the most frequented in Washington.

The gardens in which the children of the public schools take such active delight are at present in a chaotic state of upheaval to make ready for next year's crop of flowers and vegetables.

Not only is plowing under way, but great piles of pipe are ready for the laying, and with a system of perfect surface and underground drainage the gardens will be in model condition for early spring work.

Inside the temporary fencing, builders are at work upon the new Museum which is erected on a line between the city post-office and the Smithsonian Institution.

Many fine and familiar trees have been sacrificed for this modern structure of stone, but upon its completion, it will be another step in the imposing group of public buildings for which Washington is famed.

The greenhouses of the Agricultural Department and the Propagating gardens are at present bursting with bloom. The yellow, red and purple chrysanthemums make exquisite color patches inside the glass prison and the sunlight plays outside with summer sportiveness. The big ragged blossoms have been late developing this year, but now that they have horticulturally "arrived," they have met with a warm reception.

The bathing beach is the one place along the water-way that wears a deserted air. The trees, which in less damp autumns have turned to glorious russet and crimsons, are this year hung with bedraggled foliage, too spiritless and moist to fall. The vista half way down the street extension to the right, is one of the loveliest nature pictures in this vicinity. The trees, that stood sentinels on either side the old canal, are still outlined against the sky to the delight of artists and all beholders, and the water-path between appears to extend indefinitely through the misty atmosphere to meet the low-hung clouds with utter disregard of the horizon line.

Inter sprinkled through the grounds are the relics of St. Louis. Many a figure that graced the exposition, and later decorated Pennsylvania avenue, is now rowdily fallen from its high estate. A drawn sword is broken at the hilt; a wind-blown drapery rent; an illustrious countenance looks upon the world with dispirited eyes. The statues hidden in the trees seem hapless to watch the line the drives, with the exception of certain swashbuckling gentlemen who have best survived the seasons.

In the atmosphere of fall, the Monument stands serene, and throws its shadow and reflection over land and water. It is persistently beautiful, whether in morning, noon, or twilight. It appears never so white as now, and is equally imposing from the head of Sixteenth street, Soldiers' Home, or the Alexandria bridge.

Miss Drew in Concert.

The fourth of the Washington College of Music concert series will be held at the Columbia Theater on Friday afternoon next at 4:30 o'clock, when the artist of the day will be Miss Clara Drew, a member of the faculty, who has been a resident of Washington for nearly two years, and who has recently returned from Paris after studying with some of the leading musicians there. She will sing songs that have never been sung in Washington before, and will render her programme in German, French, and English. She will be assisted by Mr. Felix Garziglia, who has given a successful debut in Washington two Fridays ago. By special request Mr. Garziglia will play "Theme and Variations" by Paderewski.

Rakemann Orchestra Concert.

The second popular Sunday night concert will be given next Sunday night at the Belasco Theater by the Rakemann Concert Orchestra and the soloist will be Miss Franziska Kaspar. "The Gridiron March," written by Mr. Rakemann and dedicated to the Gridiron Club will be played for the first time. The orchestra made a very pleasing impression at the initial concert and the programmes of light, melodious masterpieces seem to have anticipated a general public demand. The musicians are the representative players of Washington, and under the skillful direction of Mr. Rakemann, they give excellent interpretations of the scores. The reserved seat sale has opened at the theater.

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I SAW YOUR AD IN THE HERALD

MARK TWAIN'S HARD FATE.

Stories Reflecting on His Personal Pulchritude Long Current.

Mark Twain, in North American Review. The first critic that ever had occasion to describe my personal appearance littered his description with foolish and inexcusable errors whose aggregate furnished the result that I was distinctly and distressingly unhandsome. That description floated around the country in the papers and was in constant use and wear for a quarter of a century.

It seems strange to me that apparently no critic in the country could be found who could look at me and have the courage to take up his pen and destroy that lie. That lie began its course on the Pacific Coast in 1894, and it likened me in personal appearance to Petroleum V. Nasby, who had been out there lecturing. For twenty-five years afterward no critic could furnish a description of me without fetching in Nasby to help out my portrait.

I knew Nasby well, and he was a good fellow, but in my life I have not felt malignant enough about any more than three persons to charge those persons with resembling Nasby. It hurts me to the heart. I was always handsome. Anybody but a critic could have seen it. And it had long been a distress to my family—including Susy—that the critics should go on making this wearisome mistake year after year, when there was no foundation for it.

Even when a critic wanted to be particularly friendly and complimentary to me he didn't dare to go beyond my clothes. He never ventured beyond that old safe frontier. When he had finished with my clothes, he had said all the kind things, the pleasant things, the complimentary things, he could risk. Then he dropped back on Nasby.

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